

# AGNOSTICISM DEFINED.

Mr. Chilcoat Turns The Light on Religious Mountebanks Who Take the Livery of Heaven to Serve the Devil In.

Editor The Colored American—We had thought at least by this time all persons of ordinary intelligence and information would be familiar with the life and character of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. It is strange that honest men will sometimes resort to injudicious methods in their endeavor to promote an otherwise laudable and worthy object. A visiting gentleman to our city recently related to his hearers apparently a little personal history of himself. Our informant quotes the reverend gentleman as saying that he once met the late Mr. Ingersoll in open debate and that Mr. Ingersoll on meeting him decided he could not stand before such a store house of facts (win) as he (the reverend gentleman) had packed away for him. And further it appears that this man is using such argument in collecting money for some object no one seems to know. Persons who have seen and heard Mr. Ingersoll are fully aware of the utter lack of veracity contained in such statement. It is true and no one of common intelligence will for a moment tolerate such stupidities. If any one wants to know what Mr. Ingersoll's real position was, what he really said himself and not what some person who never took the pains to inform himself says he said, we would refer such persons to his masterful addresses which can be had at many of the book stores and most of the News Stands, and read for themselves. The intellectual pigmy above referred to reminds one of the doleful braying of a disheveled jackass hopelessly tied to a sinking ship doomed to the inevitable condition where all such must at last be consigned.

Under the caption of a "New Reformation" appearing Monday morning May 28, in one of the local dailies, is contained food for thought calculated to shed large light on the problems of life and destiny. One idea which has doubtless dominated in the intellectual realm of the Anglo-Saxon is that the source of his great growth is the brain. That great race has learned as all races must learn that every reformation of whatever character or kind is germinated and developed by the genius of man's brain. That all creeds, all cults, all dogmas, all books, no matter how sacred men may hold them to be are the product of man's origination. And sensible people are coming to understand this. Just as men used to misquote and put words in Mr. Ingersoll's mouth and then attempt to answer him, failing to answer his arguments they would often resort to calling names as if names were arguments. It was not the Mr. Ingersoll, but the dogmatic and inconsistent religion that was on trial. Truth is always safe. All that Christ really taught is safe. But his real meaning has been distorted and changed so that we hardly think he would know his own words if he were to again appear. The fact is, a question is always new until it is answered. Mr. Ingersoll's arguments have never been answered and in the nature of things we feel safe in the statement that they never will. And any person who will study both sides and carefully compare, will inevitably reach similar conclusions as all gone before. Mr. Ingersoll was not an infidel, and any one who says so certainly exhibits small information. He was an agnostic. The term agnostic comes from two Greek words which mean there are some things man does not know. And we should like to ask is not this about the true condition of things? Man knows more in this age than perhaps at any other period in the history of the world, and yet there are still in the dim distance other and may be larger victories awaiting the approach and mental grasp of man's brain.

At any rate we think it far more profitable for all concerned that persons posing as leaders should at least learn the truth themselves before attempting to instruct others. The Afro-American has had enough of the incorrect and false ideas. It is time we call a halt, and be guided only by truth. Sensible clergymen and others know the folly of ignorant leaders. No matter how some may differ on questions about which neither knows absolutely, yet it must never be forgotten

that what the Afro-American needs most is true friends. Friends that practice what they preach. With Phillips, and Sumner, and Garrison, and Lincoln, Col. Ingersoll must and ever will be regarded by all thinking people as one of the best friends we have ever had. And we should never forget this. Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart. Mr. Ingersoll was a humanitarian in the highest and best sense of that term. No one ever went to Mr. Ingersoll with a just cause and was turned away. And right here lies the true key to real religion. And this fact is convincing thinking people every where that true religion does not depend on what a man says or professes, but rather upon his life, upon what he does for his fellowmen. Already a liberal university has been founded, and for these three years its halls have been crowded. Liberal religion, that which is based upon rational standards will be the religion of the future. All that's reasonable man will accept, and that which is not he will neither accept or reject. He will investigate and wait for conclusions. The preacher who contents himself with simply "banging away" with no practical ideas; need not be surprised if he finds his audience no other than the benches. Mr. Ingersoll thirty years ago predicted this and it is coming to pass rapidly. Men are thinking and you have got to give them mental food. Mr. Ingersoll's life work was to make this world better, by doing this it prepares us for the other one if there be another. Then may we say with the poet that Mr. Ingersoll was indeed

"The friend of man, the friend of truth, The friend of age, and guide of youth: Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Few heads with knowledge so informed: If there's another world, he lives in bliss, If there is none, he made the best of this."

J. J. CHILCOAT.

City.

Corbett threatens to sprint and sidestep his way into politics. Unlike Dewey, he believes in capitalizing his fizz of popularity before the foam dies away.

Dr. L. H. Singleton, the well known and capable pharmacist, formerly with Dr. Pride in Georgetown, is now associated with Dr. Howard E. Young in Baltimore, where they are doing a rattling good business at the corner of W. Hoffman street and Druid Hill avenue.

To the good thinking people of Washington, if you are thinking of given a party don't forget to consult the Delmo Koonce.

## PRIZE TO COMPANY B.

(Continued from first page.)

which was a little ragged and probably unnerved the commander. The alignment of the company, however, was as good as ever seen here, and the platoon movements were excellent.

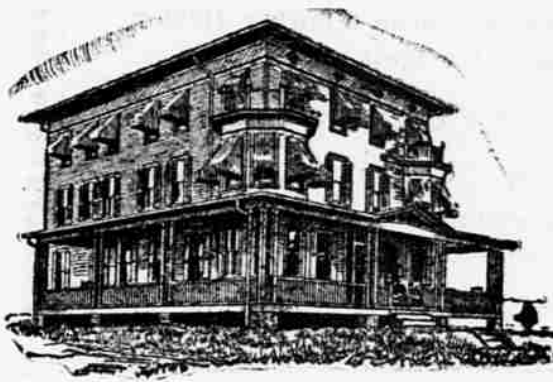
Company C, which carried off the prize last year, next came on, under the command of Capt. James E. Slaughter, and went through the programme with an easy swing which showed much practice. By the rooting from the grand stand it was easy to see that they had their following, and they tried their best to bear out their reputation. While their alignment was not up to the standard set by their predecessor, their firings, in volleys, as well as lying down and at will, were all that could be expected. They completed the programme in fine style, and it was the general opinion that they had made a better showing than Company A.

### THESE PROVED THE WINNERS.

Captain William J. Howard next brought Company B—which had been touted as a winner—on the field, and that it was the favorite was evidenced by the cheers arising from many throats. The feminine contingent almost unanimously showed their liking for the men under Capt. Howard. They were drilled to perfection, and every order was executed with a snap and vim which showed much careful training. They went through the program

## SUMMER RESORTS.

The Summer season is about here, and the good times are also here. There will be lots of money spent this summer by the intelligent, and well to do classes at resorts. The Colored American with its usual enterprise solicits the announcements of all hotels, cottages and property holders who desire to entertain summer visitors. Send us your cards and rates that those who wish to spend a few weeks away from home may know where to go and what the rates will be. Our price for printing these cards for the season is \$5.00 or \$2.00 per month. Terms in advance. Send your cards and the amount you desire to spend. The Colored American will be sent free during the life of your advertisement.



## HOTEL WOODLAWN TERRACE.

Lawnside, N. J.

This Hotel is situated on an elevation which furnishes one with a magnificent view for ten miles. At the base of which is a wide sheet of water giving ample opportunity to those fond of sailing or fishing.

### WOODLAWN TERRACE.

is on the Whitehorse Pike, seven miles from Camden. 25 trains stop at Lawnside daily. The service at the Hotel is strictly first class. The Bed Rooms are large and airy with all modern conveniences. The Hotel is three stories high, 35 feet front and is surrounded with a beautiful lawn and wide gravel walks. For terms, address MRS. CHAS. SMITH, Snow Hill, N. J.

Will open Friday, June 1, 1900.

in quick time, did their firings well, and executed the foot movements and manual of arms in fine style. They were given a lusty yell as they marched off.

While the judges were in the rear considering their marks, Hoffman's Band came upon the field and started some lively music. Maj. Leon Turner formed the battalion in the rear of the grand stand and marched it on, taking position in the field, where he put the three companies through a drill. This required but a little time, and at its completion the judges took station with Maj. Brooks just besides Maj. Turner, and detailed Adj. M. T. Dean to notify the winning company.

The crowd in the grand stand was anxious for a few moments, but when Capt. Howard was notified they shouted wildly, while even the cadets in the winning company danced with joy. The company was quickly brought forward, where Maj. Ourand, chairman of the board of judges, pinned two badges on the captain. One was the large "teachers' medal," which is contested for each year, while the other is a smaller gold medal, which becomes the personal property of the winning captain. On it is engraved "High School Battalion, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh Divisions, May 28, 1900."

### ROSTER OF THE COMPANIES.

On the breast of each of the other members of the company Captains Hodges and Edwards pinned a blue ribbon, denoting the prize company. After receiving the congratulations of the judges and others, Capt. Howard marched his men back to their position, and Maj. Turner passed the battalion in review before the judges and other invited guests. Lieut. Kenney, with a squad of police, was present to preserve order, but it was all they could do to keep off the boys who wanted to gather the empty cartridges.

After leaving the park the battalion, headed by a squad of mounted officers, under Sergt. Matthews, and a brass band, marched to the school on M street, near New Jersey avenue, where the companies were dismissed.

## SUMMER RESORTS.

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CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

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HOTEL HENDERSON—120 N Mississippi ave., Atlantic City, N. J., two squares from Reading depot; three minutes walk to Bathing Beach. Special rates for families and permanent boarders. The hotel has been newly papered and has 32 neatly fitted up sleeping rooms. Terms moderate. European and American plan. Henderson and Murray, prop's.

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